

## HYDE PARK AND THE FAIRY.

## III.—THE STORY OF THE ONE-EYED DUCK.

(Continued from page 307.)

"CHILDREN would get on very well if there were no nursemaids," said the one-eyed duck grumpily.

"Nursemaids," chirped a perky-looking sparrow, "were invented to provide conversation for the military."

The one-eyed duck looked with ruffled disgust at the inter-rupter, but she only said, "Fly away, there's a good chap, I'm telling my friend a story, though, if you like to hear it . . ."

"Can't stop!" cut in the sparrow. "A pal of mine has told me of some splendid place where you can get one of the best crumb suppers in London. You let me have a note of it later."

"Yes, yes," said the duck, then observed in a low tone to her companion: "Have to keep on good terms with the little good-for-nothing. He's undertaken to edit my reminiscences."

"Well," observed the friend rather impatiently, "let's have the story. There's fog coming, and I shall go to sleep at sunset."

"I can't be flurried!" said the one-eyed duck. "But when you're sleepy we'll adjourn. The other day when the pea-hen was telling you about her love affair I noticed you were asleep the whole time."

"If you'd been a confidante so often as I have, you'd do the same," returned her friend. "I'm rather anxious to learn how you got that eye damaged."

"Because I saved a child's life." And she plumed her feathers with an impressive air.

"Unnecessary! There are too many about as it is."

"'Twas quite accidental," explained the narrator. "The fact is, the silly little thing had dropped a doll in the water. I swam up—"

"You thought the doll was something tasty, I suppose?"

"Our best motives, our noblest impulses, are perhaps tainted by a thought of self," said the one-eyed duck reflectively.

Her friend made no reply. Philosophy always bored her, and she proceeded to conduct minute investigations somewhat on the lines of *Calverley's* dog. The effort proved exhausting.

"You're asleep," said the one-eyed duck. "To-morrow at ten—by the fountains."

(To be continued.)



"THICK? IT AIN'T ANYTHIN' LIKE IT WAS THIS MORNIN'. WHY, BLESS YOU, SIR, I COULDN'T SEE MY FEET!"

## A REAL USE FOR FOG.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have invented an ingenious machine for utilising London fogs, and I should be glad if you would bring it to the notice of the authorities, as it is not only effective but economical. By its use the fog is cut into slabs of solid material, which can be employed for paving or building purposes. My invention should also commend itself to the London County Council, the more so as it can slice the solid atmosphere into smaller blocks, which make most excellent fuel. This Christmas I intend to burn a Yule log fashioned from this neglected material. All the nonsense written about fans and steam-blasts does not commend itself to

Your obedient Servant,

FERDINAND FOGGY

(Sole Patentee of the London and Provincial Fogometer).

*The Inventories, S.W.*

P.S.—If you know of any enterprising capitalists, I should be very willing to let them find the money wherewith to syndicate my invaluable invention.

## LOVE'S SPELL.

IN CELIA'S ear I breathed a tale  
Of youth and rosy love,  
But nothing did my sweets avail,  
Her heart I could not move.

All unconcerned she heard me out,  
Serene and self-possessed,  
And in her two lips' budding pout  
My failure stood confessed.

Love's magic spell in vain I wove,  
The charmed circle drew,  
With honey-dropping words I strove  
Her coldness to subdue.

The letters four I bade her range—  
L-O-V-E, to tell

The truth, I prayed her heart would  
change

Beneath the mystic spell.

With languid hand she idly traced,  
A graceful L, and then  
Across the letter's slender waist  
She twice drew cruel pen.

I saw then why my tale of love  
Void of enchantment fell.

For CELIA, as her L did prove,  
Love had a different spell!

## WALKER WELL IN THE RUNNING.

SINCE Mr. Punch no longer issues His Own Private Pocket-Book, profusely illustrated, he is willing to admit that the Pocket Books and Diaries of WALKER & Co. (Farringdon House) are among some of the next best things to the above-mentioned unique little volume. These for 1902 are no way inferior to those of former years, and being more or less on the old form, present no startling novelty, except here and there in the catalogued description, as, for example, a "Fast" diary, which Mr. P. would be curious to see when filled up (by any one "fast") in the course of the next twelve months. There is something in the names of the varieties, as, for example, a "solid Pigskin" diary is suggestive of the record of a very obstinate person; an "Orient Limp" might be suitable to a Pasha quite overcome by the heat; a "Medium Octavo" would suit a professional Spiritualist for jotting down engagements; while "A Quarterly Pocket Diary" is evidently suitable for those fortunate annuitants who are sure of making an entry every quarter

## THE IDEOCRAT AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

## III.—WITH THE WORSHIPFUL COMPANY OF PORKMONGERS.

How do you call the book? *Our Uncrowned Kings*?  
 'Tis new to me, who have but little time  
 Reserved from higher claims to keep abreast  
 With novel lines in literary goods.  
 A satire? Ah! I never greatly cared  
 For humour, notably such as leaves the mind  
 Vaguely aware of swift allusions lost,  
 Impalpable airy flights supposed of wit;  
 Clearly a state obnoxious to repose,  
 Being apt to cause diversion o' blood to brain,  
 Needed elsewhere to aid the liver's work  
 After your dinner, Nature's only hour  
 For reading. What? It's clever stuff, you say,  
 And levelled at the new plutocracy?  
 Well, 'tis the penalty we have to pay,  
 We of the wealth that tickles envy's ire,  
 Harmless, I hope, for whoso has his feet  
 So firmly planted he can well consent  
 To pay what silent pity greatness owes  
 To ignorant detraction found i' th' mouth  
 Of who, poor devils, after all must live.  
 Doubtless they have their figure, not too long,  
 If one but cared enough to buy them out.

Young D'ARCY wrote it? Why, I know the man;  
 Dined with us in the Lane—Lord only knows  
 Just where the women pick these scribblers up!  
 Came in and out, a tolerated guest,  
 Till he forgot his manners, had the face  
 To please my daughter, and was shown the door.  
 That's how, being entertained on sufferance,  
 They glean what little lore they boast to have  
 Of good society, and go their ways  
 And shamelessly profane its mysteries  
 In books like this! I say, you're never safe  
 If once your footmen let them pass the hall.

Mind, I distinguish. I refer to men  
 Professed of letters, not the other sort,  
 Mere social mercenaries I employ  
 (Paid by the Press in cash, by me in kind—  
 A dance, a dinner, even a simple crush)  
 To make a paragraph's advertisement,  
 Telling an eager public how I dine,  
 Who—and their jewels' value—graced my board,  
 Or under what unequalled wealth of flowers  
 The staircase laboured when my wife received.  
 With such I make no war; they earn their feed;  
 And, though they use what tact the case demands,  
 Impose on none that moves within the pale.  
 But when I see an open welcome given  
 To struggling men of literary tricks  
 In houses commonly assumed select,  
 Why, there's a snobbery finds me justly wroth,  
 Who recognise that subtlest form of pride  
 Which bids remark its status how secure,  
 How unassailably proof against assault,  
 Since it allows itself to ope its doors  
 (No man's opinion asked) to whom it will,  
 Highway or hedge, made worthy for the nonce  
 By that approving seal the house confers.  
 Rank snobbery, so say I!

Yet here again  
 I make a nice distinction, please to note;  
 Holding that even writers may be classed  
 In different ranks according to deserts.  
 How judge this difference, otherwise obscure,  
 Save as we millionaires apprise success

By tangible results that take the eye?  
 Thus there are authors, as I understand,  
 So skilled to gauge the reading public's views,  
 And what new turn the market's like to take,  
 Making supply anticipate demand  
 Upon a scale so noble, that their art  
 Assumes proportions almost fit to wear  
 The higher style and dignity attached  
 To Commerce proper. Such a type as this,  
 Since prejudice is impotent to floor  
 The unanswerable logic of results,  
 I'd not refuse to meet, no matter where;  
 Nor would our Chairman, having thrice my wealth,  
 Yet strangely free from pride for one so great.  
 Rumour indeed alleges he was born  
 With literary tastes he might have turned  
 To lucrative employ, yet chose to be  
 The amateur and gentleman he is.  
 You'll see him soon with what fine modesty,  
 As though oblivious how the nations gape  
 For awe of private monarchs like himself,  
 He bids you charge your glass to drink the KING! O. S.

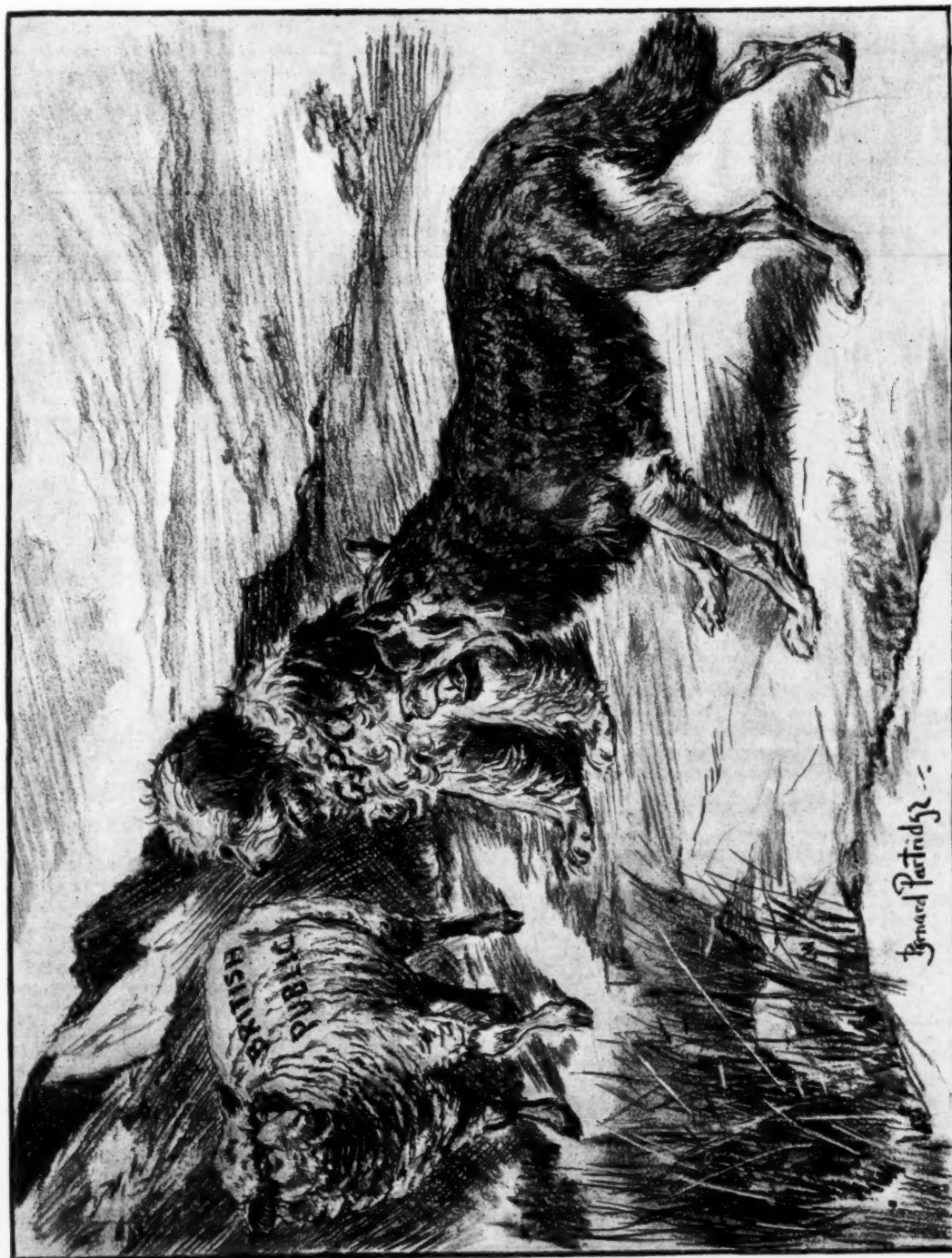
## A POSTROPHES!

## TO A BLACK CAT.

"Wisdom embodied sits upon thy brow,  
 And long-drawn music lingers in thy 'meow.'"  
*Pasmin's Poems.*

HAIL! cat of ebon hue, and golden orbs  
 That gaze serenely on this nether world.  
 What thoughts are thine, the while with dext'rous paw  
 Thou add'st a lustre to thy furry face?  
 Dost thou hark back to Ancient Egypt's clime,  
 Where cats were sacred, and the mummied frame  
 Of many a mouser slept the dreamless sleep?  
 Doth thy mind loiter on that later age  
 When witch and wizard wrought unholy spells  
 With such as thee to aid? I may not know.  
 Perchance thy fancies do not range beyond  
 Careering mice and luscious bowls of milk;  
 But this I see, and marvel more and more,  
 Thou art a miracle of grace and power.  
 How lithe thy limbs, how beautiful thy paws,  
 How like an ebon angel is thy form!  
 To watch thy sweet contentment is a joy,  
 And doubtless thou art crammed with mystic lore.  
 If only I could read thy restless brain,  
 The World would be rewarded. Wondrous cat,  
 Thy lives are nine, thy tail is only one,  
 Thou art not of the cat-o'-nine-tails breed,  
 And yet, methinks, thou couldst a tale unfold  
 Would . . . hullo! what's that you say, MATILDA?  
 Killed my canary? Mangled its remains?  
 Confound the horrid, vicious, ugly beast!  
 Let me get at it with a poker . . . gone!  
 And I am left to "dree my weird" and mourn.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—"Suburban Water-Cart." This playful toy, which dates from the mismanagement period of London streets (first decade of twentieth century) was remarkable for its capricious and unexpected habits. Its chief accomplishment was to irrigate the gutters and kerbstones in a leisurely way, and now and then display a freakish humour by suddenly spraying over foot-passengers' boots. It was a sworn foe to cyclists and positively revelled in causing side-slips. On a rainy day, however, the perambulating whimsicality was at its best, when it delighted to show off in the middle of the road and add its quota to the seas of mud. Much of the dislocation of London traffic was caused by these wayward, if well-meaning, obstructions.



THE PERFIDIOUS SHEEP-DOG.

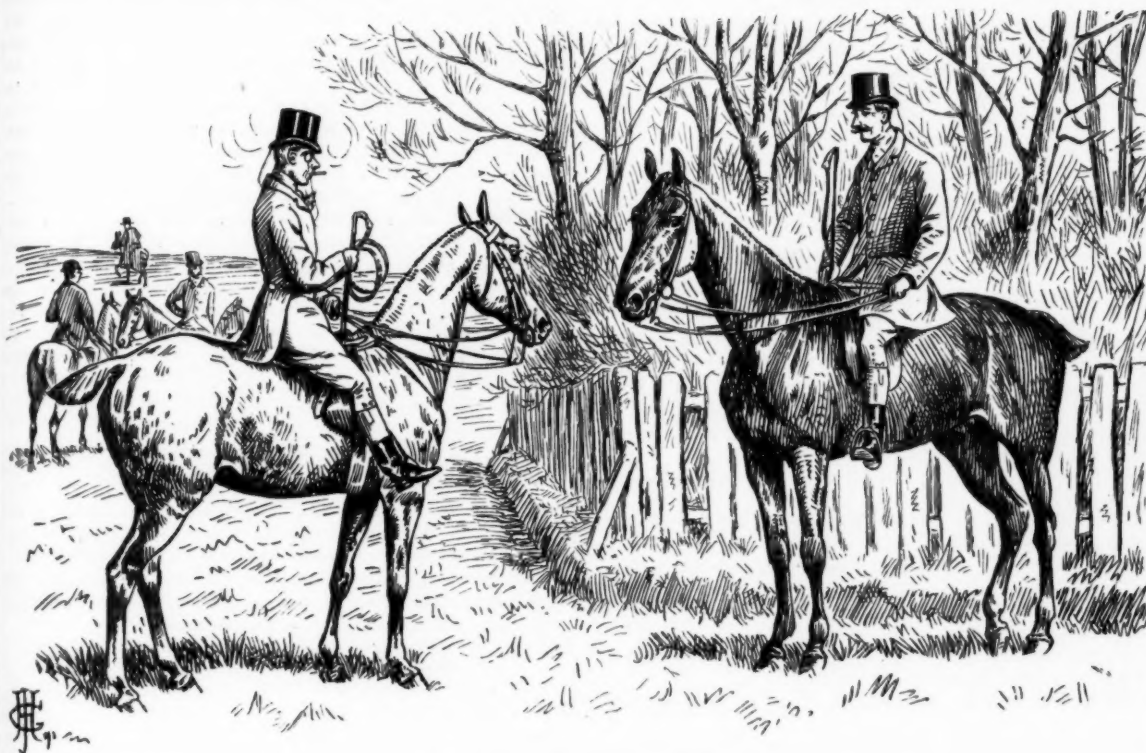
Sheep. "HERE, I SAY, KEEP HIM OFF! KEEP HIM OFF!"  
 Sheep-dog. "'KEEP HIM OFF!' WHY, DON'T YOU KNOW WE'VE JUST GONE INTO PARTNERSHIP!"

Bernard Partridge.



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## BY THE COVERT SIDE.

Fred (a notorious funk). "BAI JOVE! JACK, I'M AFRAID I'VE LOST MY NERVE THIS SEASON!"  
 Jack. "HAVE YOU? DOOSID SORRY FOR THE POOR BEGGAR WHO FINDS IT!"

## CRICKET À LA GRECQUE.

(Some "στίχοι πολιτικοί" to the Greek ex-Minister of Instruction.)

Καλῶς and Μπράβο, Mr. STAIS! (although the late imbroglia  
 At Athens has resulted in the loss of your portfolio).  
 Your native metre let us use—if English and prosaic,  
 Excuse it, as we're sadly out of practice in Romaic!  
 And when all Europe can't or won't see any good in Britain,  
 Believing every calumny our own pro-Boers have written,  
 You'd compliment Old England at this somewhat overcast time  
 By borrowing for the young Hellene JOHN BULL's especial pas-  
 time,

E'en though you *did*, on evidence that's rather esoteric,  
 Claim for our local τίν-αυδ' ῥόν an origin Homeric!  
 Are you quite right to trace it from Nausicaa's game of rounders,  
 Or rank the mythic GRACES Three among its early founders?  
 The first club—*did* it take its name from Hercules, its wielder,  
 Or was the Styx the sticks beheld by each Elysian Fielder?  
 Still, that's as may be—all the same, we'd wish you luck with  
 "κρίκετ,"

And would give something to be there when first you pitched  
 your wicket.

Where would the rival Ἐρδεια's, we wonder, greatly daring,  
 Beneath your most pellucid sky be giv'n their premier airing?  
 Would they, for instance, bowl against the few remaining  
 columns

Of Zeus Olympius, till with byes through Hadrian's Arch the  
 ball hums,

Or, delicately marching, field where scanty lawns environ  
 The marble Hellas, maiden fond that pats the head of BYRON;

With "θιρό-μαν" in the theatre named after Dionysus  
 And "λόγγ' λεγ" in the Stadion across the brook Ilissus?  
 Would they for lost ball wildly hunt on "Madmen's Hill"  
 (Hymettus)

Or cut the daisies, if they grow, on stony Lycabettus?  
 (Though Athens may be "violet-crowned," her verdure's  
 pretty arid—

There was no grass at all when there the other day we tarried).  
 Well, if you ever want a "coach," we English won't be  
 stingy—

We'll even lend our champion Φρόδι or Πρίγκηψ Παντζητσίντζη!  
 And you shall send a "τῆμ" to Lord's before ten years are ended,  
 And hear us shout "οὐδ' ἴσθι;" "ρότ' οὐτ'!" "οὐδέλλ' πλαῖδε,"—or  
 "well intended!"

A. A. S.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM.—"Collection of Parlour Games (temp.  
 1901)." We learn from contemporary records that at this  
 time there was a perfect outbreak of childish contrivances  
 to dissipate ennui. It is supposed that Society, having lost  
 the power to appreciate the value of intellectual recreation,  
 betook itself, in its efforts to escape the dread demon of bore-  
 dom, to the pleasures of the kindergarten. Those who in-  
 spect this odd congeries will be astonished at the marvel-  
 lous number of combinations into which the principle of the  
 tip-cat, the battledore, the button, the marble, and the  
 pea-shooter entered. It is said that the middle-aged devotees  
 of these pastimes were so delighted in the re-discovery of  
 their juvenility that the fact that England was at war was  
 completely forgotten, until the conscription of the younger  
 generation put things in a different light.

## THE IDEAL STATESMAN.

["According to a German scientist, the moral qualities have serums with which patients may be profitably inoculated."—*Daily Paper*.]

FAITH, hope and charity, love, hate,  
Ambition, envy, gall—  
Whatever moralists may state—  
Are microbes one and all.  
Each has its serum which you can  
Inoculate: e.g.,  
To make a perfect public man  
Be this your recipe:

Take a man in the street, the first one that you meet—it really  
don't matter much who,  
For the truth to confess, he can hardly know less than our  
Cabinet Ministers do—  
To fill him with nerve, *espèglerie*, *verve*, dose him well with a  
serum of S-L-SB-RY;  
If he wants situations for all his relations, correct with a  
virus of H-LSB-RY.  
If modesty, tact and good breeding are lacked, if his language  
is vulgar and low,  
These faults, I am sure, you will easily cure with a serum of  
Gentleman JOE.  
If he's limp in the back and inclined to be slack, of a dry  
academic complexion,  
And inclining to shirk Parliamentary work, dose him well with  
a B-LF-R injection.  
If his somnolent mind is to slumber inclined, if he yawns when  
his speech is begun,  
A D-V-NSH-RE serum will certainly clear him from dozing until  
it is done;  
While if he is found to be feeble all round, and on nothing  
especially strong,  
These faults to correct you need only inject a double strong  
serum of L-NG.

## TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

BELOVED SHADE,—I like to think of you, now that you have  
put away the stress and fret of life, and have been rapt from  
us to the society of the mighty dead, your meet companions  
who went before you and hailed you as your ghostly feet  
touched the borders of their glorious country. I like to  
imagine you, I say, stretched at ease in the meadow of aspho-  
del, with FIELDING and SCOTT and DICKENS and THACKERAY,  
and the great DUMAS, the beneficent thunder-shaking giant,  
to bear you company. There is no envy, nor hatred, nor  
malice, nor any uncharitableness, but a deep glow of happy  
contentment is over all. You are warriors who have fought  
your fight amongst us and have gone to your rest, leaving to  
us not only your pleasant voices, the nightingales that are  
still awake with us, but high and noble lessons of courage  
and endurance and kindness and humanity, to sustain our  
faltering efforts. Sometimes you speak and again you listen,  
now compelling silence, now compelled to it, emulous only in  
great and kindly thoughts, and the high peaks echo and  
re-echo with your laughter. It is a heathen fancy, but let it  
pass. Be sure of this, at any rate: we, who still live out our  
little lives in the busy haunts of men, and whose tired minds  
turn for refreshment to romance and poetry, and the eternal  
records of heroism and faith and gallant deeds, we love  
you as of old and reverence your name. Of all the gay and  
splendid souls that have flashed across our sky with a trail of  
glory, none was more vivid than yours, none has left a more  
enduring memory. Your company of brave men and noble  
women are still our friends. We leave with them the beaten  
round of our daily lives, and plunge into magic regions,  
watching with a still breathless interest their efforts, hear-  
ing them strike their blows and speak their sounding  
phrases, and following them, foiled or triumphant, to the end.

Man may be a vain thing, a purposeless shadow flitting across  
his little tract of earth, but the creatures of man's imagination,  
the shapes he calls into being, breathing the breath of life into  
their lungs, these remain with us and fill our minds. So Hector  
and Achilles, Ajax and Ulysses live, while HOMER is no more  
than a name to be quarrelled over by pedants and archaeologists.

In one sense you are more, in another, perhaps, less, fortunate  
than HOMER. Your life has been written, and all men can learn  
what manner of man you were. Those who were your friends  
and loved you may renew their memories of your presence,  
your cheerful talk, and your astounding achievements with that  
magician's wand, your pen. They, and those who knew only  
your fame and had not clasped your hand, can follow you in  
your cousin's authentic pages from infancy to middle age  
through all the varying scenes of your high-spirited and  
adventurous life. It is a pious book, compiled and written with  
zeal and discretion, and the picture it gives is that of a real  
man, not a mere image made up of proof sheets and printer's  
ink. The tone is kindly and generous, as the tone of such a  
book ought to be. That you were a man and that, being a man,  
you had your moments of weakness, of uncompleted effort, nay,  
of entire failure and warping error, who shall deny? But what  
of that? We are such as God made us, who made it our lot to  
rise, our own strenuous vigour helping, through misery and  
despair to success and triumph and the praise of men. So you,  
it seems, rose, a bright and soaring spirit, cleaving your way to  
the stars, disdaining to be drawn down by the weakness of the  
flesh and its sufferings. That is enough, and for the rest I say—

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),  
The bosom of his Father and his God.

And now let me end with a story for your private ear. There  
was once a man—let us say he was moulded after your fashion,  
and lived and died much as you did. After his death the world  
went on reading his books, and his friends talked of him and  
wrote of him, holding that it was good for the world to know  
what a noble and delightful fellow he had been and how cheer-  
fully he had looked out upon mankind, even through the mists  
of approaching death. But one fine day there came along a  
rough and blustering sort of companion, and, "By heaven,"  
says he, "what a pother they are all making about one who  
was after all a very poor and ordinary creature! Why, I was  
the man who helped him along; but for me he had never done  
a hand's turn to deserve fame, and, if you'll believe me, he  
required me, as he did all others, most scurvily. He outsoared  
us, actually outsoared us all, won his way to glory while we,  
his betters, were left flapping ineffectual wings. As for writing  
books, have not others written much better books and earned a  
smaller reward? And as for the man himself as he lived among  
his friends, all I can say is, he was often petty and dismal and  
conceited and pragmatical—so much so, that some who knew  
him would describe him by a word of three letters (oaf, fop,  
cad, ass, don—the field is open for pleasant conjecture, and  
you may make your own choice) that would make him turn in  
his grave could he hear it. Pooh! I call him an Anxious  
Egotist, a Shorter Catechist, an unfriendly and forgetting  
friend, a being deteriorating from fault to fault—until  
I ceased to care for the man, so little was there in him  
to care for or reverence or praise. Not if I can help it  
shall his frailties be hidden, so here you have them." And,  
having finished, away he goes in a fine frenzy of self-righteous  
indignation. But the oddest part of the tale is yet to come.  
This indignant follower of the veracities was one whom the  
dead man held to be his friend, of whom he never spoke, so far  
as public records may guide us, without kindness and affection.  
What think you of this? For myself, I think it was not  
STEVENSON's way, nor ought it to be the way of any man who,  
having loved a friend, has lost him.

Farewell, and own me YOUR ADMIRER.



### RATHER HANDY WITH AN EXCUSE.

*Jealous Wife.* "MY DEAR FRED, AT YOUR AGE YOU OUGHT REALLY TO BE QUITE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! YOU ARE ALWAYS RUNNING AFTER ALL THE PRETTY LADIES!"

*Fred (quick at a repartee).* "MY DEAR! MY DEAR! THAT OUGHT TO PUT YOU QUITE AT YOUR EASE. IT ONLY PROVES THAT THEY ARE ALWAYS TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM ME!"

### THE HOUSE AND THE HOTEL.

(A Suggestion for a Yule-tide Story.)

"I DON'T think you will like it," said the good manager seated behind the desk in the bureau.

"That is all you know about it," replied the husband. "House-keeping has become intolerable."

"Yes, intolerable," echoed the wife.

"But there are so many drawbacks," urged the good manager. "For instance, I am going to put you into a room with a dead wall in front of you."

"Well, I rather like dead walls," observed the husband, "there is a novelty about them. Besides, they shut out an ugly prospect."

"Yes," chimed in the wife, "such as trees without leaves, or houses with inquisitive neighbours seated for ever at the windows."

"Then I don't think you will care about the food," went on the good manager, "it's very rich, and after three days you get to know all the items of the

menu by heart. We try to change twice a week."

"Well, that is better than a joint," returned the husband.

"Yes," added the wife, "a joint that passes through the stages of hot, cold and hashed."

"But we do something in the line of comestible development ourselves. You will find that the 'grand piece' of to-day is the *fricandeau* of to-morrow. Besides, I am sure you won't care about the head-waiter."

"On the contrary, they are always exceedingly civil," put in the gentleman.

"Yes, very polite," added the lady.

"But ours is an exception to the rule," explained the good manager. "He will give you a table that you won't like, and not alter it for a fortnight."

"But even that will be better than our own monotonous dining-room."

"As you will," said the good manager with a sigh. "I have warned you. Number 2,436."

So the husband and the wife entered

the lift, went up and up until they reached the top floor.

Twenty-four hours later they were once again in the bureau.

"You are quite right," said the husband, "I prefer our small and not too comfortable home."

"They did not call us at the right hour, and they put us at a table with four other people."

"And the soup was cold, and we had to wait ten minutes between the courses."

"And I think the sheets were damp."

"And I couldn't find any daily papers in the smoking-room."

"And so you are going home, sweet home," cried the good manager, beaming.

"Yes," they answered together, "you have reconciled us to the home that is our very own."

So after they had spent a small fortune in tips they entered the cab.

"Good bye, my dear friends," cried the proprietor of the hotel.

And the husband and the wife blessed the philanthropist through the window.



## OUR PUP.

WHEN GWENDOLEN expressed a desire for a little Aberdeen terrier with a kind face, I knew in my heart of hearts that before many weeks were past a pup would be amongst our *Penates*; but at the same time I felt it my duty to point out the difficulties of keeping such a pet in a small flat, in order that, when the hour came, I might have the smug satisfaction of feeling—I should never venture to say it—"I told you so."

"My dear," I objected, "you know that our lease specially prohibits dogs."

"And I know that every tenant in the mansions keeps one."

This was true. I had often watched the guilty procession of men and maids that at ten o'clock every evening stole down the stairs like so many conspirators, each leading his contraband property on a leash. At such a time the party-wall of stiff reserve that prevented No. 28 speaking to No. 29 was broken down, and the owner of the yellow dachshund might be seen exchanging amenities with the master of the black poodle or listening to the basement expounding the points of his nondescript cur. Occasionally, too, the dogs exchanged amenities as well as their masters, and when the Irish terrier met the bull on the first landing, only pepper and lighted vestas could part their warm embrace.

"You needn't be afraid of fights, JACK," broke in GWENDOLEN, who had evidently been following the train of my thoughts.

"Afraid, my dear?"

"Well, you know you went quite pale when the porter asked you to catch hold of Paddy's tail."

"It was a disgusting sight," I replied, my heart palpitating at the recollection.

"So it was," agreed GWEN; "but, at any rate, the pup won't fight."

"Not till he becomes a dog. Then there's AUGUSTA. Doesn't she object to dogs?"

GWENDOLEN frowned. Time and again had our general expressed in no measured terms her hatred of all four-legged things. "We must keep the pup out of her way, JACK."

"In our flat?" I laughed.

"Of course. It will be perfectly simple."

I whistled.

"Don't do that."

"I beg your pardon," said I.

A pause ensued; but apparently GWENDOLEN found my silence as trying as my whistling.

"What are you thinking of?" she asked.

"I was wondering whether we should give the pup our bedroom or the drawing-room."

"Sarcasm—" began GWEN.

"It was anything but sarcasm, darling."

"Then it was simply fatuity."

"On the contrary, my dear. If we can't put the pup in AUGUSTA'S premises, where he would do little harm—"

"We'll put him in the bath-room, where he can do none."

This argument appeared to GWENDOLEN conclusive, and as I dared not whistle again, there was nothing for it but to smile and say, "Very well."

No one treats a fallen foe more generously than GWENDOLEN. In a moment all the fierce battle-lust was forgotten, and, the *pros* having won the day, she was as willing as I to admit the existence of *cons*.

"But you know, dear," she concluded, "it will be so good for you to take the puppy for its walks. You sit in your study all day long smok—working, and you don't get half enough exercise. Your figure is not quite so athletic as it was when I saw you bump Brasenose, is it? Then it will hardly cost us anything; it will just live on the scraps that would otherwise be wasted. We needn't even get a licence for it till it is six months old, and then you must just write a little doggy poem for the *Spectator*. You'll get no end of copy out of the little fellow, JACK!"

"Oh, the darling!" cried GWENDOLEN, when I arrived home one evening with the pup in my arms. "Look at his 'kind boot-buttons,' JACK! Isn't he a dear little thing?"

"Rather!" I replied. He had already cost me five guineas besides his railway fare from Wick, not to mention a cab-fare and compensation for a torn-up cushion. But he looked very sweet and innocent as he nestled in my overcoat, and he put up his baby paw to GWENDOLEN in a way that won her heart at once.

"There is a nice fire in the study. He will be quite happy on the Persian mat."

"Will he?" I asked, vaguely thinking of the bath-room.

"Oh, yes, I think so. See? How perfectly sweet he looks on the crimson ground! But, JACK, they haven't sent the biscuits."

"Haven't they? What a nuisance! I suppose we must just give him some scraps to-night."

"Scraps! They would kill him! I've been getting up Aberdeens, and they must have nothing but puppy biscuits, with some cod-liver oil cakes when they are teething, and pepsinated puppy meal if they are 'bad doers.' I've ordered all these from the stores, with some dog soap and towels, and the sweetest little basket and mat that only cost thirty-five shillings. But they haven't come, so you must go and fetch the biscuits at any rate."

"But, my dear, it's just dinner time."

"The stores will be shut if you don't go at once. And JACK! it will save time if you take a cab and bring all the things together."

When I got back, I found the pup the sole occupant of my study. He was very busy on the rug and the floor was strewn with paper. There was a loud yelp and GWENDOLEN came rushing in.

"What are you doing, JACK?"

"My dear, he has eaten an Elzevir, and was just starting on an Aldine."

GWENDOLEN screwed her courage to the sticking place. "Bad puppy! Naughty! Not to do that!" she reiterated, accompanying the reproaches with gentle smacks.

The pup's ears fell, its tail went down between its legs, and it looked such a dejected little atom that I relented at once. "Don't you think that will do, GWEN? Poor little chap! I daresay he was hungry, and if he had had his biscuits this wouldn't have happened."

After dinner, of which meal the pup was a painfully interested spectator, I felt in good fettle for work, and proposed that I should go into the study, and write a scene of my tragedy. GWENDOLEN usually encourages me in any unwonted efforts of this kind, but to-night she looked serious.

"LYDIA tells me"—LYDIA is a doggy friend of GWEN'S—"that a pup must be taken out every two hours, so I think, JACK, if you don't mind—"

"In this fog?"

"Oh, that won't hurt the pup. LYDIA says it must go out in *all* weathers—from ten minutes to an hour, according to circumstances."

The pup was as loth to go as I. It planted its little broad feet firmly on the floor and refused to budge. Persuasion had no effect whatever except a deprecatory wag of the tail, and I had to drag the struggling mite down the stairs by sheer force. By the time it reached the bottom it was nearly strangled, and then it sat down on the pavement and wagged its tail. I had not the heart to drag it any further, so we stood together shivering and inhaling fog until we thought it time to venture back again.

Very early next morning I was awakened by the sound of energetic scrubbing. GWENDOLEN is not inordinately fond of scrubbing, while as for AUGUSTA—I knew she had far too much self-respect to be anywhere but in bed at such an hour. I rose to see what it was all about, and slipping on my dressing-gown, opened the bath-room door. GWENDOLEN was on her knees scrubbing for dear life, while the pup was dancing round her in high delight, and making dabs at the flying brush.

"My darling!" I exclaimed.

GWENDOLEN looked up. "Oh! JACK, I've got such megrims!"



"Whatever are you doing, dear?"

"Why, you see, JACK, I came in to have a look at the pup, and he must have got his feet dirty last night, or something, for the place was in an awful mess, and I knew that if AUGUSTA saw it——"

"I see, dear. But you really shouldn't—and in that airy costume! I've, at least, got on a dressing-gown."

"Very well," replied GWEN, relinquishing the scrubbing-brush. "But do make haste and get it done before AUGUSTA gets up."

I set to work and finished the job, but not before I had felt the glance of amused contempt which our mistress the servant flung at me as she passed the bathroom on her domestic rounds.

When I came to make the puppy's bed, I found he had not been idle even during the night. My new guinea sponge was torn into a thousand pieces, and my best Turkish towel lay in shreds. I consulted GWENDOLEN, and we agreed that punishment must be administered. I seized a stick and raised a threatening arm. The pup sat down, cocked his head on one side, and cast kind but reproachful glances at me.

"Hit him!" urged GWENDOLEN.

I tried. Thump, thump went the puppy's tail on the ground. I handed the stick to GWEN.

"Well, you are a coward, JACK!"

"Perhaps if we asked AUGUSTA," I suggested.

"How can you be so cruel? AUGUSTA would hurt it."

So the puppy got off scot-free, and in the course of the morning devoured my favourite slippers. But, as GWENDOLEN pointed out, this mattered the less because (as I soon found out) I was seldom to take off my boots again, the exigencies of puppy nature requiring that I should spend most of my life in the open air.

AUGUSTA regards the devotion of GWENDOLEN and myself as mild lunacy—harmless, so long as the pup does not trespass in her kitchen, when she lets him "feel the weight of her hand across his back." She takes no pains to conceal her contempt for my present occupation, though, after all, it is not so very much lower in her esteem than my late profession—the writing of minor verse.

#### THE BRITISH MANUFACTURER'S APOLOGY.

[A prominent Midland manufacturer states in the *British Weekly* that English goods are actually sold as American, because it is the fashion to talk down one's own country and its productions.]

ALAS! too long (we own with pain)

With patriot ardour have we dreamt

With British fabrics to sustain

Our British trade—a vain attempt—



Little Effie (not at all inclined to go to sleep—to Nurse, who is about to switch off the electric light).

"OH, PLEASE, NANNA DON'T TURN ON THE DARK!"

Only to find Britain prefers  
The industries of foreigners.

Lo! England scans each foreign part,  
Wealth in their "notions" to invest:  
From far Japan she culls her art,  
In Paris gowns her dames are dressed;  
Whose competition vainly strives  
Our peerage to supply with wives.

Then, if to quicken dwindling trade,  
A dolly or a tin gee-gee,  
Albeit in Whitechapel made,  
Is labelled "Made in Germany,"  
Public, the harmless fraud forgive—  
For even Englishmen must live.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSEUM. — "Miniature Model of Lord Mayor's Show." This exhibit has been added to the collection by way of comic relief, and to show that our ancestors, especially the "City Fathers," could sink to the occasion when necessary. The instincts of the London crowd appear to have craved for an annual and gratis circus display of shivering supers on unsteady perches, and the authorities responded nobly. Nothing equal to the great gilt coach and the magnificent double-chin of its coachman was ever seen in the wildest flights of pantomime.



Giles. "I BE GOT UP HERE, MISTER, BUT I DON'T ZEE 'OW EVER I BE GOIN' TO GET DOWN."

Farmer. "THEE ZHUT THEE EYES AN' WALK ABOUT A BIT, AN' THEE'LL ZOON GET DOWN!"

#### ROMANCE AND REALITY.

[“Nothing is so pitilessly cruel as cold fact, and the facts of life destroy half its romance. One of these days we shall be solemnly informed that the Sea Serpent and the Big Gooseberry are nothing but myths, and when that unhappy day comes most of us will probably make up our minds that it will be better to believe nothing at all.”—*St. James's Gazette*.]

WRETCHED scribbler, cease to fling  
Doubt on every sacred thing  
That has to this formal earth  
Reconciled us from our birth.  
Keep, oh, keep thy hand off the  
Mighty Serpent of the Sea!

Cross with other doubts our mind,  
Doubts in men and women kind;  
Prove a company's prospectus  
Is but made to misdirect us.  
But no slander speak of the  
Mighty Serpent of the Sea!

Bid us scout as idle fables  
Foreign telegrams and cables;  
We will pooh-pooh BROWN's dog stories,  
Doubt that at an end the war is,  
So you cast no slur on the  
Mighty Serpent of the Sea!

Bid us even relinquish faith!  
In some fond domestic wraith

Which for centuries has been  
On the stroke of midnight seen.  
But renew our faith in the  
Mighty Serpent of the Sea!

Bid us think no genius lies  
In the hues of TURNER's skies;  
Deemed we ancient SAMSON strong,  
Prove by science we were wrong.  
But prove nothing about the  
Mighty Serpent of the Sea!

Tell us BACON is the 'pote'  
Who the plays of SHAKESPEARE wrote,  
Prove that all romance is writ  
In an epileptic fit.  
But, O science, touch not the  
Mighty Serpent of the Sea!

#### BOOKWORMS ALL.

HERE, where old smoke hangs fragrant,

Here, where round circles cloak  
With cloudlets ever vagrant  
The long, dark shelves of oak,  
Mid tomes of vellum, yellow  
With years and sweetly mellow,  
Each dearer than its fellow,  
We meditate and smoke.

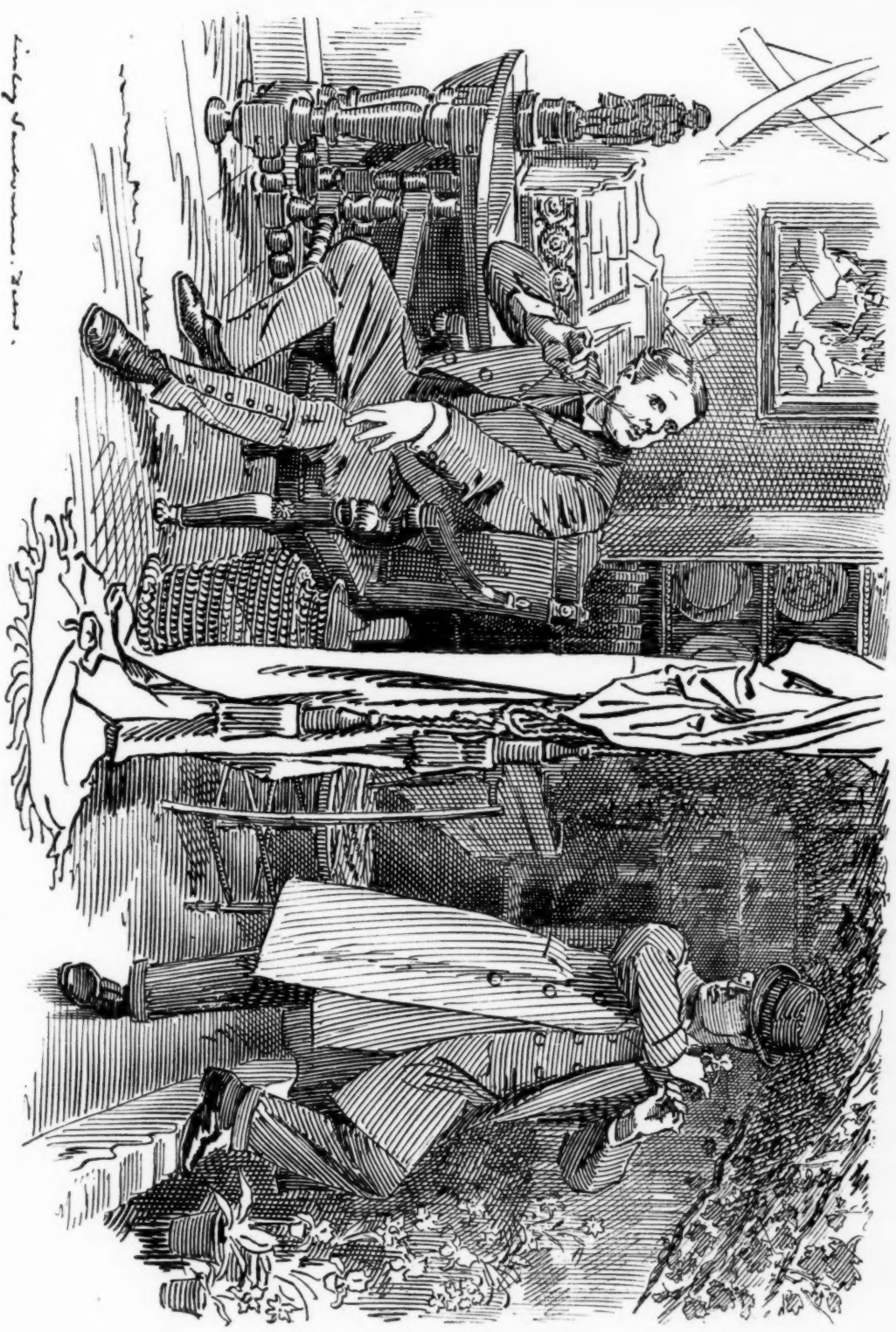
While leave is ours to burrow  
In books, we care no jot

Whether the lonely furrow  
Is being ploughed or not;  
Nor if Peer-ploughmen, weary  
Of furrows lone and dreary,  
Should seek a life more cheery  
Beside the common pot.

No statesman's lucubrations  
In this retreat read we,—  
Not even the orations  
Of him they call C.-B.;  
But read with glowing wonder  
The Demosthenic thunder  
That PHILIP trembled under—  
Our thoughts are all B.C.

Nor are we ever debtors  
To fiction for our ease;  
No Garden Books, Love-letters,  
Nor Visits here one sees;  
The music of CATULLUS,  
We much prefer to lull us,  
Or FLACCUS, or TIBULLUS,  
Or ARISTOPHANES.

Thus, mid old comrades pleasant,  
Whose souls so long have fled,  
The past alone is present,  
The present lies unread;  
And in such tranquil setting,  
Afar from care and fretting,  
We live, the world forgetting,  
Among the deathless dead.



# PREPARING FOR THE SPEECHES.

LORD ROSEBURY, "H.M. WHAT CAN I SAY ABOUT CHAMBERLAIN?"

THE RIGHT HON. J. CHAMBERLAIN, "I WONDER WHAT ROSEBURY IS GOING TO SAY ABOUT ME?"

[At the luncheon to be given at the Guildhall on the night of the 11th inst., the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain will be the guest of honor, and Lord Rosebery will be the guest of honor.]



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A LETTER TO A  
YOUNG PUB-  
LISHER.

NEARLY a year must have passed, my dear JONES, since I last gave you (through the medium of Mr. Punch's columns) some modest hints on the profession—never, oh! never let it be termed a "trade"—upon which you have embarked. I pointed out, you will remember, how sweet are the uses of advertisement. I showed you how, by the magic of a few hiatus marks, an unfavourable review can be converted into an enthusiastic eulogy; so that, for example, the opinion of the *Piræus*, which ran: "This is a thoroughly good example of a rubbishy class of book," etc., etc., will figure in your advertisement as, "This is a thoroughly good . . . book." But, as you point out to me, there are limits to the usefulness of this method. So grossly prejudiced, it seems, are many

of the critical journals, that, having observed, it may be, your ingenious use of their unfavourable reviews, they have simply desisted from giving reviews of any kind to many of the works which bear your imprint.

And so, I take it, the question you now propound to me is this: "Supposing that the verdicts of the press upon my publications are so worded as to preclude the possibility of their being twisted into laudatory sentences; or, worse still, supposing that there are no press verdicts at all—what am I to do then? For instance, you tell me that all your efforts so far to boom GREGSON's *Morbidities* have proved futile. Even the *Lower Sloppington Advertiser*, whose critic you had come to count upon for the opinion that "there



## A NEW DEPARTURE.

*Shade of Charles Lamb.* "AT HIS COUNTRY PLACE, AND IN HIS MODERN SUIT, THE BOY MAY BE HAPPIER, BUT HE WILL NOT BE SO PICTURESQUE."

[*"It is thought probable that the Bluecoat Boys will soon be allowed to adopt modern dress."*—*Standard*, November 27.]

is not a dull page in this volume"—a sentence employed by him four or five times in every issue of the paper—even the *Lower Sloppington Advertiser*, you repeat, has had the impudence to slate *Morbidities*. Its sale hangs fire, you have a thousand copies in hand, and (beyond a paltry £40 or £50 you surcharged the author upon "the cost of production") you will make no profit out of it. You suggest, as a last resource, that you should boldly invent flaming eulogies, and father them in your advertisements upon the *Times* and the *Athenæum*.

Candidly, I cannot recommend this plan. For one thing, it is a trifle risky; for another, it is quite unnecessary. "No one," you complain, "will say a good word for the wretched thing." That

is too hasty an assertion. Pause and consider for a moment. Are there no persons who are quite willing to praise it as freely as you could wish? Why, obviously, there are two—GREGSON, its author, and yourself, its publisher. "But," you may object, "I can't quote these opinions as advertisements." My dear JONES, that is precisely what you can and must do. Believe me, you will not be the first to adopt this simple but excellent plan. Take a column of next week's *Piræus*, and fill it with announcements—in heavily-leaded type—of this kind:

## "MORBIDITIES."

—Of this work Mr. GREGSON writes: "I have never done anything so fine. The book fairly took away my breath while I was writing it. Simple regard for truth compels me to pronounce it a colossal masterpiece. No one can know so

much about a book as its author, and my dispassionate verdict pronounces *Morbidities* a veritable triumph."

"MORBIDITIES."—As the publisher of this remarkable novel, Mr. JONES ventures cordially to endorse the author's opinion of it. It is a superb piece of work. So confident is he that it will be a gigantic success, that he has given instructions to the printers to prepare fifteen more large editions with the utmost speed.

. . . And so on. If space permits, add the opinions of the author's wife and the publisher's second-cousin. The trick is quite simple, you see! A. C. D.

THE LATEST DISEASE IN LONDON (UNDERGROUND).—Tuberculosis.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN the absence of Mr. SIDNEY LEE on a well-earned holiday, the Assistant Editor of the *National Dictionary of Biography*, writes:—

"In the 'Booking-Office' of your issue of November 13, in an appreciative review of the Supplement to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, I notice that your Baronite states that he has searched Volume III. (HOW-WOODWARD) in vain for a memoir of the proprietor of the *Dictionary*, the late Mr. GEORGE SMITH. No memoir of Mr. SMITH was introduced into the alphabetical series for two reasons. First, because the work terminates with the death of the late Queen VICTORIA. Secondly, because it was thought that the public interest in Mr. GEORGE SMITH, as the founder of the *Dictionary*, and as the publisher who had maintained close personal relations with THACKERAY and LEIGH HUNT, CHARLOTTE BRONTË and Mrs. GASKELL, was sufficient to warrant a somewhat more extended notice than the strict limits of a *Dictionary* article would permit. Under these circumstances, a detailed memoir was written by the Editor, Mr. SIDNEY LEE, and was prefixed to Volume I. of the Supplement, where it occupies nearly fifty pages. The same volume contains, as frontispiece, a portrait of Mr. SMITH after Mr. G. F. WATTS."

My Baronite did not chance to see the first volume of the Supplement. The third volume, including the letter S, he, in his unimaginative way, looked through to find the name of Mr. SMITH. Failing in the endeavour, he came to the conclusion that, for highly honourable if somewhat quixotic reasons, it was omitted. He does not regret the misunderstanding, since it gave him opportunity of paying a humble tribute to the memory of one of the worthies of the nineteenth century whom, when honours were being distributed among lesser men, the Government of the day systematically ignored. It will be as well, when a second edition of the Supplement is called for, to insert a line in proper place among the S's, guiding the searcher after truth to the GEORGE SMITH memoir.

"JILL generally evinced an amiable readiness to explain any obscurity that might characterise her discourse." Thus it is written in IOTA's latest novel, *The Happenings of Jill* (HUTCHINSON). My Baronite, patiently plodding through the tangles of the story, wishes he could testify that this promise was realised. IOTA, bursting with desire to say something smart, persistently obscures her meaning. If she would only condescend to write unaffectedly, something might have been made of the story and the characters that should live in it. But they must all, especially JILL, sparkle with epigram, even when asking each other to pass the salt. The whole thing is jerky, inconsequential, occasionally unintelligible. The happenings to *Jill* are nothing compared with what befalls the conscientious reader endeavouring to make out who's who, what they fought each other for, why some make love and others get married. "I think you understand," said JILL to her husband after he had been some months in training. "'Oh, I understand,' he said, very much as though he did not." Which was at least honest of him.

In *Quest of the Giant Sloth* (BLACKIE AND SON, Ltd.), by Dr. GORDON STABLES, R.N., is a thorough good tale of a young hero and his friend, ambitious to discover a survival of the by-gone age, who start on an expedition which leads them through strangely marvellous lands in South America. Here they gain more than a peep at the prehistoric Sloth, a large creature of a kindly nature, living chiefly on nuts. Both books are well illustrated. Certainly this nautical and literary Doctor R.N. ought to write a tale of the Horse-Marines. If ever man knew all about these mysterious warriors, that man ought to be the bearer of such a name as "STABLES, R.N."

Few greater literary treats, says my Juniocest Baronitess, could be given to the average girl than to make her a Christmas present of these two beautifully bound books, *A Popular Girl*, by MAY BALDWIN, and *A Nest of Girls*, by E. WESTYN TIMLOW (both from W. & R. CHAMBERS). The first is an interesting and brightly told story of a young English girl's school life in Germany, where to the heroine is unanimously accorded the

distinction of "the most popular girl in the school"; and the second is just the sort to please and fascinate all girl readers. Well illustrated by H. R. RICHARDS.

*Pater's Book of Rhymes*, by JUDGE PARRY, illustrated by A. RUSDEN (SHERRATT AND HUGHES), is a comical collection of eccentric pictures and nonsensical verses of the "Shockheaded Peter" kind, though not within measurable distance of that immortal work. Good as a present from Santa Claus.

In *The Secret Orchard* (MACMILLAN), AGNES and EGERTON CASSEL have set themselves a delicate task. To bring together under the same roof a loving spotless wife, a faithless husband, and the young girl with whom he has gone astray is a situation that requires supreme skill to make otherwise than revolting. The skill is forthcoming. So deftly do the two authors work the web and woof of their story that there is in the reader's mind no other feeling than one of profound interest. It is a fresh triumph for the system of collaboration. Where AGNES begins and where EGERTON stops my Baronite occasionally fancies he guesses. But "the flats are jined" in such masterful manner that he is probably mistaken. The recurring episodes of the narrative, up to its fine finish, all intensely dramatic, are led up to and out of with consummate power.

MY Baronite used to wonder whether, as some said, it is true that a generation has arisen that knows not CHARLES DICKENS. Answer is forthcoming in the fact that during the last year or two more than one popular edition has been liberally welcomed. The best wine is saved to the last. Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL, in collaboration with Mr. HENRY FROWDE, have commenced to issue a copyright edition printed on the incomparable India paper that is the unique trade mark of the Oxford University Press. By its magic art we have beautifully printed in large type, in a dainty volume that will comfortably lurk in the jacket pocket, novels that on their original publication held the world entranced whilst they ran through twelve monthly numbers. In some cases, as in that of *A Tale of Two Cities*, space is found to bind up with it another complete work, to wit, *A Child's History of England*. *Pickwick*, running to 928 pages, has one of the charming volumes all to itself. Increased value is given to the edition by the inclusion of all the original illustrations.

*The Sinner and the Problem* (MACMILLAN & Co.), by ERIC PARKER, is a slight story, as wholesomely fresh and sweet as its conception and design are original. A mere gossamer thread of plot runs through such pleasant pages as seem to have been written in moments of reposeful leisure,—just as one may jot down the outcome of a reverie, and be surprised to find that what commenced as a mere note had developed into a chapter,—and then, as an afterthought, such chapters had been strung together and connected. For, delightful as it all is, yet is effort apparent in the finishing touch. Has Mr. ERIC PARKER caught unconsciously a trick of PEACOCK in dialogue, of STERNE in occasional abruptness, and of MEREDITH in descriptive colouring? Excellent masters truly; but the student's style is yet to be perfected. The short chapter about the boy's illness is [a masterpiece owing nothing to any writer, past or present. After penning this, he must have trembled to know whether he had done ill or well, and nervously, with true artistic instinct, decided to let it stand as it was. A very little more, how little, and it might have become "gush." As to the lovemaking in it—well, the ordinary scenes that elaborately lead up to "proposal" and "acceptance" would have been here utterly out of place; and so, to those who never can have enough of a good thing, and who may inquire, as did Mr. Tony Weller regarding his son's valentine, "That's rather a sudden pull up, ain't it, SAMMY?" the author will have a complete answer, on replying with Sam, "Not a bit on it; she'll vish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter writin'." Substituting "novel" for "letter," there is Mr. ERIC PARKER's last word—and the Baron's—on the subject.

THE BARON DE B.-W.





Hodess. "PLEASE DON'T LEAVE OFF, MISS JESSOP."  
 Miss J. "BUT SHAN'T I BORE YOU? IT IS POSSIBLE TO HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING, YOU KNOW."  
 Hodess. "YES; BUT THAT DOESN'T APPLY TO YOUR PLAYING!"

## JACOB AND HIS MASTER.

## PART III.

PERHAPS the DUNCOMBES were disposed to give themselves airs; in their own county they were considered to do so, and possibly they were none the less highly thought of on that account. But, be that as it may, anybody could have told BOB that Miss DUNCOMBE was about as likely to bestow her hand upon a juvenile lieutenant in the Royal Navy as upon a crossing-sweeper. There was, however, no need for outsiders to demonstrate a fact which his own common sense very soon rendered obvious to him. A dinner-party and a dance in Eaton Square, to both of which entertainments he was kindly invited, more than sufficed to open his eyes. His eyes were sharp, and ample leisure was afforded to him to use them; for he did not belong to PHYLLIS'S world, nor—with such incessant claims upon her—could she be expected to notice how completely he was left out in the cold on these two occasions. So he watched her, and, watching her, made various salutary, if painful, discoveries. Did she, he wondered once or twice, intend him to make them? If so, he bore her no ill-will, recognising that she was cruel only to be kind. It stood to reason that there could be no sort of chance for him, and he doubted whether there was much chance for his uncle (whose ambition he speedily divined) either. Beseated by so dense a throng of lords and lordlings, she would not, he imagined, fix her choice upon a mere Member of Parliament who, though getting on in public life, was getting on also in years. He did not, therefore, fall out with that somewhat ridiculous and over-sanguine uncle of his, but maintained a stoical calm which it might under other circumstances have been beyond him to compass. For PHYLLIS in the character of an aunt by marriage was really unthinkable!

So the days slipped away, bringing him no fresh opportunity—it is true that he solicited none—for private intercourse with a young lady whose engagements were very numerous. He met her pretty frequently and she treated him always with the kindness which their bygone intimacy gave him some title to expect; but it was quite evident that his absence would have passed unnoticed by her had he seen fit to sulkily absent himself. Only on the eve of his departure to join his new ship did she of her own accord make an appointment with him. Jacob had to be restored to her keeping, and when he mentioned that he would be leaving the dog in Eaton Square that afternoon, she said:

"Bring him at six o'clock, then, and I will give you a farewell cup of tea. I ought to be at a garden-party at that hour, but I think I will have a headache instead, and let my mother represent the family."

Whether her head was actually aching or not when the obedient BOB arrived, she certainly looked as though it might be; for there were dark semi-circles beneath her eyes, and she owned to being rather out of spirits. Every now and again, she explained, life presented itself to her in a difficult and perplexing aspect; every now and again she felt very deeply the need of some disinterested and trustworthy friend to advise her. In other words, she could not make up her mind whether she wanted to marry or not, and her parents, who had quite made up their minds that they wished her to do so, were of little assistance. They left her practical freedom of choice; only they expected her to choose somebody, and entertained no doubt that she would comply with so reasonable a demand.

The above confidence was not, it need scarcely be said, at once reposed in BOB CRACROFT, but was the outcome of a protracted colloquy and of a sober and diffident request on his part that he might be regarded in the light of the desired counsellor. PHYLLIS may not have intended her appeal to be responded to exactly in that spirit—she seemed, indeed, rather to lose interest in the subject from the moment that it began to interest him—yet she could not, surely, have desired him to

make a fool of himself and embarrass her by proclaiming sentiments of which she was far too clear-sighted to be ignorant. Such, at any rate, was his belief, and he was not ungrateful to her for the delicacy with which she had nipped his nascent and manifestly unrealisable hopes in the bud. She, for her part, was grateful to him—or declared she was—when he placed himself without reserve at her disposal.

"Drop me a line at any time," said he, "and you shall have an honest opinion by return of post. I don't pretend to know much of the world, and the odds are that I shall know nothing at all about the men who may want to marry you; but if you'll tell me just how you feel, I shall understand fast enough what advice to give you. Everything is sure to depend, you see, upon your own feeling."

Everything was, in truth, so sure to depend upon that that the necessity for an adviser was not altogether conspicuous; still, most of us, when we request advice, only mean that we should be glad of support, and very likely that was what Miss PHYLLIS meant when she wound up with: "Well, I shall be guided by you, then. Anyhow, I shall take no decisive step without consulting you. I can't tell you what a relief it is to feel that there is somebody in the world who can contemplate me and my poor little affairs in such a thoroughly friendly, unselfish, dispassionate way! Jacob is a great comfort; but then Jacob, I am afraid, is hardly as unselfish or as dispassionate as he ought to be."

Dispassionate the poor dog was not; for he had deep affections and invincible prejudices. Nevertheless, she might have allowed him some credit for unselfishness, considering how strongly it was in his mind to share the fortunes of his recovered master and how submissively he obeyed that master's orders to remain where he was, in charge of his mistress. As on a previous occasion, BOB kissed him at parting, and it may be that, after BOB had left, the precedent of that dim and distant occasion was followed by the pair who remained behind, all by themselves.

THEODORE CRACROFT was a clever man, and a successful one; but he was not much of a shot. One cannot expect to have everything, and he was conscious of having obtained more than he had any business to expect when he was invited to stay at Horsley Park during the shooting season. The fact of his being so indifferent a performer with his gun was, indeed, rather a matter of congratulation than otherwise, affording him, as it did, an excuse for remaining at home with the ladies and proving, as it certainly seemed to do, that his presence was desired on other grounds than those to which his fellow-guests were indebted for Mr. DUNCOMBE'S hospitality. His suit, in short, was progressing and prospering; PHYLLIS, during the week which he had already spent under her father's roof, had bestowed upon him some marked signs of favour; while her parents, if not enthusiastic, had the air of being resigned to probable future developments. Her parents, he perceived, would never offer serious opposition to a will stronger than their own, and although he was no catch in a pecuniary sense, he began to see his way to a largely increased income. For the Kirkhall coal-mine held out every promise of paying handsomely. It was, therefore, with a light heart that he lay in wait for and overtook Miss DUNCOMBE in the park one bright, frosty autumn afternoon, and it was with some discomposure that he heard the abrupt query which his appearance drew from her.

"Oh, Mr. CRACROFT," said she, "is what they tell me true? Is it a fact that you have bought Kirkhall from your nephew for a few thousand pounds, and that this horrid coal mine, which is going to disfigure the neighbourhood, will make a millionaire of you?"

THEODORE smiled and replied that he was afraid it would fall very far short of doing that. He admitted, however, having purchased the estate—"for which," he added, "I paid BOB his own price. Of course, it was a mere speculation on

my part, and whether it will turn out well or badly for me is still quite uncertain."

"My father says," observed the girl, "that it is quite certain to turn out most profitably for you. He also says that you are an uncommonly sharp hand at doing a stroke of business—which seems to be true. Only I can't admire you as much as he does on that account."

"My dear Miss DUNCOMBE, are you accusing me of having swindled my nephew?"

"Swindle" is an ugly word, Mr. CRACROFT; I haven't used it. But to do so extremely well for yourself at the expense of a mere boy, and of one who was your ward only the other

day, too—well, frankly, that does not strike me as pretty behaviour."

THEODORE was no fool. He saw at once that there was but a single safe course for him to adopt, and he took it without hesitation.

"I am not in the least ashamed of anything that I have done," was his calm response; "yet I must own that I have felt sundry qualms of conscience about it of late, and what you say confirms me in an intention which I had already almost formed. I shall write to BOB immediately and offer to let him off his bargain."

This was bold strategy (for, although BOB was very unlikely to take him at his word, there is never any knowing what youth may not do when ex-

posed to powerful temptation), but it achieved its purpose triumphantly, so far as PHYLLIS DUNCOMBE was concerned. A bright smile and an outstretched hand gave prompt reward to the magnanimous proprietor of Kirkhall.

"I was sure," she declared, "that you would act like a gentleman!"

She had been sure of no such thing; but it may be that she was glad to have assurance forced upon her. Whether she was glad to receive further prompt and ardent assurances, which she was unable to check, is another question; they did not, in any case, take her by surprise. For some time past she had been perfectly cognizant of THEODORE CRACROFT's wishes, and, upon the whole, she rather liked and admired the man. That is to say that she admired his talents and liked his manners, which were suave and urbane. She was not, to be sure, in love with him; but that was a consideration of small importance, for she had arrived at the conclusion that it was not in her to fall in love with anybody.

Nevertheless, she temporised.

Mr. CRACROFT, she said, must wait for a final answer—would have to wait several weeks; five or six, perhaps. ("How long," she inwardly wondered, "does it take to get an answer from West Africa?") But although she could not consent to an immediate engagement, she did not mind telling him that, as at present advised, she would a little rather marry him than anybody else whom she knew.

Pressed to give reasons for the very long delay which she demanded, she ended by avowing that she wished to take the opinion of a friend who happened to be away from England.

Naturally, she declined to mention that friend's name, and

THEODORE was left a prey to more or less vague conjecture. W. E. N.

(To be continued.)

#### RECIPROCITY.

(Latest phase dated ten years hence.)

THE Emigrant neared New York. There were tears in his eyes as he thought of the British nation he had left behind him in Australia.

"Now for the Yankee drawl and the Transatlantic twang!"

He left the gangway, and for the first time trod the soil of the United States.

"You require a hotel?" The question was asked in perfect English.

"Will you go by the tram, Sir, or do you prefer a cab?"

Again the English tongue was spoken, and in perfect purity.

"This is only

the voice of an exception. I soon shall find the pure American."

But he was mistaken. Go where he would, do what he would, it was English and only English.

"How is this?" he asked at last. "I expected to find nothing but Americans here, but, as a matter of fact, there are none but Englishmen."

"My good friend, you must have been away from town for some time. Fact is we have been crowded out of Europe. Our places are taken in England by our American cousins, and as there seemed to be some doubt about the accommodation for any one else, we have come over."

"You don't say so?"

"I do. There are now so few native-born Americans in New York that the attempt to get up a dinner of Americans in their native country failed."

"Like Londoners in London."

And so the matter ended.



Photographer (on tour, absent-mindedly). "NOW SMILE, PLEASE!"



## AN UNREAL CONVERSATION.

Recorded by Archie Williams.

SCENE—The Office of Works. Discovered, Mr. AKERS-DOUGLAS, industriously rubbing out a large pencil-drawing. To him enter A. W.

A. W. Good morning! I'm afraid you're very busy.

Mr. A.-D. What is it now? I'm worried to death. Never had such a time in my life! Have you come for a design?

A. W. No, for a little conversation.

Mr. A.-D. My dear Sir, I haven't a moment. But, I say, do you know anything about architecture? We've started designing all the new Government offices here. I thought the clerks would be able to do it all. Save architect's fees. Do you know the Record Office?

A. W. Oh yes! In Chancery Lane. A hideous building.

Mr. A.-D. You know nothing about it. We're awfully proud of it here. The clerks designed it. But they get stuck over this work, so it falls upon me. Look here, do help me a little! You'll find a lot of indiarubber in that basket. Just help me with this design. There now, I've rubbed a hole right through the paper! Hang this architecture! I shall have to take a fresh sheet of paper, and HICKS-BEACH will be in an awful state if we don't keep the cost of the new buildings as low as possible. We had to pay such a lot for those old ones on Salisbury Plain.

A. W. I had no idea any of the Cabinet worked so hard. Some of them seem to do too little, and others too much.

Mr. A.-D. Three feet seven and five feet six make nine feet one. What did you say? By the way, what height ought a room to be?

A. W. I should think that depends on the length and width.

Mr. A.-D. Oh no, it doesn't! As far as I remember, they're all twenty feet high at the Record Office. Nine feet one long, and seven feet six wide, and twenty feet high. That'll give plenty of air. I say, what is the pattern of a Corinthian column? There now, I've mislaid my pencil!

A. W. It's in your mouth.

Mr. A.-D. So it is. This work's so distracting. I wish to goodness it was as easy to settle as Piccadilly.

A. W. Ah, I see you've settled that by a compromise.

Mr. A.-D. Three, four, five. Five and two are seven. A compromise? Oh yes! A graceful concession.

A. W. A compromise which will please nobody. You cut little slices off the Green Park as if it were a cake. You can't cut your cake and have it. There'll be a few more aimless curves at Hyde Park Corner.

Mr. A.-D. Oh, don't bother me! What's the width for a door?

A. W. What sort of door?

Mr. A.-D. I said a door. Any door.

A. W. I should think it depends upon whether it's the door of a rabbit-hutch or the door of a furniture warehouse.

but I've just got a grand idea. No public building ever pleases everybody. Even if it's liked at first, it's abused after. The First Commissioner's abused all the time. My idea is to build the new offices of steel framework covered with plaster stuff, like the Paris Exhibition buildings. Then the design could be altered every time there was a change of Government, or a General Election. The clerks would stop in the rooms all the time, as the plaster could be changed in the warm weather when they'd be glad of more air. Isn't it a magnificent notion?

A. W. Perhaps.

Mr. A.-D. I must get to work at once.

A. W. Then I'll be going.

Mr. A.-D. Wait one minute and I'll tell you a secret. I'm going to make a design for the American sky-scraper in the Strand.

A. W. That hideous monstrosity?

Mr. A.-D. It'll all be steel, with stone a few inches thick stuck on all over it. Look as massive as possible. It will be a magnificent building. As high as Queen Anne's Mansions and five times as wide.

A. W. Horrible!

Mr. A.-D. They'll have to get an Act of Parliament before they can build it, and so we can make them use my design or chuck out their Bill.

A. W. And what would your design be?

Mr. A.-D. That's another secret. Promise you won't tell anybody. All the other fellows in the Cabinet thought the design awfully handsome. But, of course, they don't know so much about architecture as I do.

A. W. And what is it?

Mr. A.-D. Why, exactly like the Record Office! Only fifteen times the size! I'll show you

my drawing.

A. W. Good heavens! [Exit hastily. H. D. B.]

## FANCY CORONATION PORTRAIT.



"BOBS" AS A BOBBIE.

["CORONATION CLAIMS.—There being no succession to certain offices, the appointment thereto rests with HIS MAJESTY, and the following are regarded as probable candidates:—Lord High Constable—The EARL ROBERTS," &c. Vide "Daily Mail," Nov. 19, 1901.]

Mr. A.-D. Nonsense! We have an official size for doors here. I've remembered it now. This is hard work. I say, do you think if I went over to Berlin for a day or two the German Emperor would give me a little help or a few hints? He knows a lot about architecture.

A. W. Does he? But surely a colleague of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN would be badly received by those howling Germans.

Mr. A.-D. Ah, yes! I'd forgotten. What disgraceful violence!

A. W. When a German tries to be polite he says "Bitte!" when he wants to enjoy himself he drinks bitter, and when he gets excited he is bitter.

Mr. A.-D. Excuse my interrupting you,

ALLITERATION NOT VEXATION. We observe that Mr. HUGH ST. LEGER, famous, like a Royal Marine, by sea and land, has brought out a very bright book for boys, called *Billets and Bullets*. This is the kind of title which pleases us, and we would venture to suggest that Mr. ST. LEGER might follow it with *Comfort and Cannonballs*, *Rest and Rifles*, *Dinner and Dynamite*, *Lodgings and Lances*, *Blankets and Bayonets*, *Meat and Maxims*, *Sleep and Shrapnels*, *Hotels and Horse-guns*, &c., ad lib.